

Tahiti: Isle of Dreams

him of the consequences again and
again. Maaua,
her daughter, used to anoint him with
coconut oil
and vinegar if the sores were bad.
But it was
difficult to get him to sit still. In the
mornings he
used to go to the wharf or the stream
and write ;
she had heard it said that it was
poetry he was
writing. Very likely; he loved so much
the native
songs and dances. In the afternoons
he would be
bathing with the children or tramping
up the river
with the men, spearing shrimps in
native fashion.
He went very rarely into the town, for
he never
cared for the girls and drinking
there as other
white men did. But he was never
still. Some-
times he would go off to the mountains
for a day or
two, camping out; once he walked
right down to
the peninsula. And swim ! Why he
was quicker
in the water than Maaua herself, and
he would
even swim by night. And she took my
hand and
kissed it as I went, for I was a friend
of Pupure.

Little things, amounting to little, but
rather
jolly somehow. And I am going to
write down
about him a story that is far too
typically Tahitian
to be missed, one that would have
amused Brooke
too,
The son of Lovaina, whom I shall
call by his
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